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SONGS FOR THE WEARY:

The School of Sorrow,
and other Poems.

BY

ELIZABETH AYTON GODWIN.



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PREFACE.

SEVERAL of these Pieces have already appeared in different periodicals and collections of poetry. They are now gathered into this little volume at the request of friends to whom they have been a source of comfort and encouragement. If to any others who may be wearied and troubled with life's cares and duties they should prove to be of any service, I shall feel very thankful.

E. A. G.

STOKE BISHOP,
September, 1873.

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SONGS FOR THE WEARY.



The School of Sorrow.

I SAT in the school of sorrow ;
The Master was teaching there ;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward,
And seeing His face divine,
So full of the tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine,

I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay ;
So hard, and heavy to carry,
That it darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, "Thy will be done ;"
And the Master came not near me,
As the weary hours went on.

At last in my heavy sorrow,
I looked from the cross above,
And I saw the Master watching
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard Him say,—
" My child, thou must bear thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day.

"I may not tell the reason,
 'Tis enough for thee to know,
That I, the Master, am teaching,
 And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow ;
 One look at that face Divine
Had given me power to trust Him,
 And say, "Thy will, not mine."

And thus I learnt my lesson,
 Taught by the Master alone ;
He only knows the tears I shed,
 For He has wept His own.

But from them came a brightness,
 Straight from the *Home* above,
Where the school life will be ended,
 And the cross will show the love.

Perfect Peace.

ISAIAH xxvi. 3.

PERFECT peace ! Ah, Jesus, Master !
How can perfect peace be mine,
In this world of storms and changes,
'Midst this cold and wintry clime ?

I am weak, and often fearful,
Troubled 'mid the cares of life,
Thinking of to-morrow's burden,
Dreaming of the coming strife.

Looking in beloved ones' faces,
With a trembling in my heart ;
Clasping hands, yet feeling ever
Hand from hand must quickly part.

Longing to be pure and holy,
Victor in the spirit's strife ;
Striving after heavenly treasure,
And a higher, nobler life.

Yet so often faint and failing,
Faithless, if I cannot see ;
Perfect peace ! Ah, Jesus, Saviour !
Give that precious gift to me.

"Nay, it waits for thee, belovèd,
Given by Me long ago,
When I was a Man of sorrows,
Tasting of life's keenest woe.

"Only trust, amidst thy conflict,
In My perfect power to save ;
Then will perfect peace surround thee,
Tossing on the stormy wave.

"Yes, it waits for thee, belovèd ;
From My cross the blessing came,
That no weary soul should ever
Ask for peace and plead in vain."

My Soul, thou art full weary.

My soul, thou art full weary ; life has been
Too busy with thy peace ;
Toils, cares, and shadows have around thee clung,
Heaven bids them cease.

There is bright sunshine, only lift thine eyes,
Weighed down by care ;
Let not the dust of earth prevent the light
Which shineth there.

Let not the strife of toiling days below
Hide words of love
Thy Master spoke, who knew the weary frame,
Though crowned above.

“ Let not thy heart be troubled ; I am near,
Amidst earth's weariness,
To give thee rest ; amidst life's turmoil, peace ;
'Midst care, calm happiness.”

So like a hushèd child, that finds repose
On the dear breast
Of her who gave him life ; and knows no fear,
But perfect rest ;

So be thou quiet, and sweet thoughts will come
Like guests of light,
And give thee strength to meet the morrow's cares
With spirit bright.

For thee, it is enough to take His hand
Who marks thy way ;
And follow cheerfully, till earth is lost
In heaven's own day.

Abide with me, my Saviour.

ABIDE with me, my Saviour !
I am so weak and frail
I feel I dare not walk alone,
My foes may soon prevail.
Let Thy strong arm my refuge be ;
My Guardian ! I am safe with Thee.

Abide with me, my Saviour !
When morning breaketh clear,
Amidst its blessings may I trace
Thy love so true and dear.

May rosy cloud and sunny light
Speak of Thy home, where all is bright.

Abide with me, my Saviour!
Amidst the busy noon,
With all its varied cares and strife;
Oh, grant me still the boon,
To find my strength and wisdom too,
By keeping Thee, my God, in view.

Abide with me, my Saviour!
In the still evening hour;
Come then with all Thy tender love,
And all Thy mighty power,
And whisper, 'mid the starlight clear,
Sweet words my spirit longs to hear.

Abide with me, my Saviour!
In the dread hour of death;

Let Thy dear arms be round me then,
When yielding up my breath.
My Saviour ! I can know no fear,
If once I feel that Thou art near.

Abide with me, my Saviour !
And ever lead me right ;
Protect me in temptation's hour,
Keep me from worldly blight ;
Beneath Thy wing, oh, let me hide,
Close to Thy dear and shelt'ring side.



The Cross.

" LORD, I would follow Thee ; but must I take
The weary cross, and bear it for Thy sake ?
Is there no other path, no smoother way ?
Pity my weakness, Jesus ! Master, say !

" I have bright hopes ; must they be laid aside—
My soul's ambition, and my restless pride ?
And I have dearer joys ; and must they fly,
Like a pale meteor in the evening sky ?

" Nay, spare them to me : sure 'tis death to part
With the deep love, the treasure of my heart ;
Life would be dark ; oh, any cross but this,
And I will follow Thee to heaven and bliss."

'Twas thus I murmur'd, thus I held my will :
I could 'not give, and cheerfully be still ;
Binding my treasures close, I sought the way,
The narrow path to heaven and endless day.

But soon I found that I was left alone
To win my way to an immortal crown :
My hopes were darken'd ; those I cast aside,
And parted quickly with my spirit's pride.

But still I bound my love around my breast ;
I cared not for the storm that took the rest ;
This was *my own, my idol* ; could I spare
The single flower that made my life so fair ?

It faded, like the tints of evening's sky,
And left me all alone to weep and die ;
But then a voice rose sweetly : " I am here ;
Take up thy cross, and dry the murmuring tear."

I clasp'd it to me ! 'twas no cross, I found ;
No burden held me, and no fetters bound :
Gladly I follow'd in His steps, who trod
The path of sorrows to His Father, God.

On a Sudden Death.

SUDDENLY ! she went away,
Out of darkness into day ;
From the winter to the spring,
Fled beyond all withering.

Suddenly ! she found her crown,
Cast her armour gladly down ;
From the conflict and the fight,
Led a victor clothed in white.

Suddenly ! she woke above,
In the midst of perfect love ;
Death behind, and life before,
Weeping done for evermore.

Suddenly ! in glad surprise,
Found her mansion in the skies ;
Parting pang, and dying fear,
Shadowed not her spirit clear.

Suddenly ! without farewell,
To the friends who loved her well ;
To the heavenly home on high,
Into that bright company.

From our troubled songs below,
To the strains the angels know ;
Suddenly, on that calm shore,
Waking up for evermore.

Blessed thus to pass away,
Suddenly to perfect day ;
If redeemed by Jesus' blood,
If prepared for realms above.

The Swellings of Jordan.

WHAT shall we do, amid that stream,
Which swells with sullen roar ?
When called with trembling feet to tread,
Alone that awful shore ?

Beloved ones will have left us then,
And vanished from our way,
Time will be shrinking from our grasp,
With every earthly stay.

What shall we do? The stream is broad,
The waters dark and cold,
They rise around us fearfully,
Our spirits to enfold.

We cannot stand those rushing waves,
And yet that distant land
Shines through the storm-mist joyfully,
We long to gain that strand.

E'en now sweet songs are in our ear,
Mixed with that billowy swell,
And some are dear familiar sounds,
Known to our spirits well.

The pearly gates are dimly seen,
The walls of living light,
But the dark waves between us roll,
And shade their lustre bright.

Swellings of Jordan, there is one
Whose gentlest tones ye hear,
For on your banks a Saviour stands,
The stormy way to cheer.

Thousands have blest His loving care,
And fragile forms have stood
Upon your brink, all trustingly,
Victorious o'er your flood.

Swellings of Jordan, ye but lead
Home to that blessed land,
Where angry waves and death's cold grasp
Can ne'er invade the strand.

And with our Guide we need not fear,
His arms around us spread,
Can make a shelter 'mid your storms,
A refuge from your dread.

“And there shall be no Night there.”

OH ! vision full of glory, glimpse of light !
Pure and unbroken, morn without a night !
Oh, words of radiance, casting o'er our way
Immortal brightness, from the fount of day.
Here we have aching eyes, oft full of tears,
That night is welcome, 'midst our cares and fears ;
We long to slumber, that in midnight dreams,
Our souls may wander by untroubled streams.
But *there*, no weariness invades the rest,
No aching brow, no sorrow-laden breast ;
Dreams are surpassed by visions true and bright,
That have no waking in the shades of night.
Father, prepare me for that home above,
Give me on earth a spirit full of love ;
Let no dark night within my soul abide,
And let me gather brightness by Thy side ;

And so prepare me for the cloudless light
Of an undying morn that knows no night.

“Sabe, Lord, or I perish.”

My Saviour, 'mid life's varied scene,
Be Thou my stay ;
Guide me through each perplexing path,
To perfect day.

In weakness and in sin I stand,
Still faith can clasp Thy mighty hand,
And follow at Thy dear command.

My Saviour, I have nought to bring
Worthy of Thee ;
A broken heart Thou wilt not spurn,
Accept of me.

I need Thy righteousness divine,
I plead Thy promises as mine,
I perish, if I am not Thine.

My Saviour, wilt Thou turn away
From such a cry?
My Refuge, and wilt Thou forget?
And must I die?
Faith trembles; but her glance of light
Has pierced through regions dark as night,
And entered into realms of light.

My Saviour, 'mid heaven's glorious throng
I see Thee there,
Pleading with all Thy matchless love,
And tender care,
Not for the angel throngs around,
But for lost souls in fetters bound,
That they may hear salvation's sound.

My Saviour, thus I find my rest
Alone with Thee ;
Beneath Thy wing I have no fear
Of what may be.
Strengthen'd with Thy all-glorious might,
I shall be conqueror in the fight,
Then give to Thee my crown of light.

“And Tears shall be wiped away from
every Eye.”

THERE is a sound of weeping,
That wandereth o'er the earth,
It mingles with the summer breeze,
It lingers 'midst our mirth ;
'Tis heard in early morning,
When the sun is clear and bright,

It floateth 'mid the evening hymn,
And in the shades of night.

There is a sound of weeping,
It cometh from the heart,
And speaketh of life's withered hopes,
And bright things that depart;
Its echo is in childhood's song,
And youth's glad sunny strain,
It dims the laughing sunshine
Like the sound of falling rain.

There is a sound of weeping,
Life's cup is stained with tears,
But o'er the deluge of the heart
A peaceful bow appears;
Eyes that are weary may look up,
And broken hearts rejoice,
For 'mid the storm a light appears,
And a still, solemn voice.

“Earth must be full of weeping,
For sin is busy there,
But know that there is many a scene
Of joy and beauty fair.
And the bright hope of heaven,
With all its bowers of light,
Takes from the earth its dreariness,
The shadow from the night.”

Then let the sound of weeping
Prepare us for that land,
Where round the Man of sorrows
Is found the white-robed band ;
All glorious in eternal youth,
Trained by the conflict here,
For victory in yon upper home,
Where falls no bitter tear.

Oh! Sing to me Softly and Sweet.

OH! sing to me softly and sweet,
The strains that I love best to hear,
Let them float like a sunbeam above,
Or sink like the fall of a tear.

The twilight is dropping her veil,
And the flowers are drinking the dew,
Whilst memory brings in her train,
The loved, and the lost, and the true.

Then sing to me softly and sweet,
But let the bright sunbeam alone,
For my heart is too sad for its joys,
For the treasures no longer my own.

And I long for the wings of a dove,
To fly to the regions of light,
Where melody ever is glad,
And the heart has no shadow of night.

Then sing to me softly and sweet,
Of the path which the pilgrims must tread,
Of the joys and the sorrows of life,
And the conflict-won peace of the dead.

And sing of His love who is near,
To strengthen, and comfort, and guide,
Who never forsakes or forgets,
The souls on His love who confide.

Then sing to me softly and sweet,
Of the home of the happy above,
Of the joy of the pilgrim at last,
When he reaches the land of his love.

And let a few triumph notes ring
For the victors who rest them on high,
Whilst the deep thrilling melody tells
Of the peace and repose of the sky.

Thus sing to me softly and sweet,
Till I dream I am waking above,
The twilight and shadows away,
At home in the land of my love.

"Call upon Me in the day of Trouble."

Not when the sun is shining,
Not when the scene is fair,
And summer roses blooming,
Perfume the gentle air.

Not in the hour of gladness,
When all around is bright,
And the happy heart untroubled,
Has no dark fear of night.

Not when the brow is radiant
With beauty's fairest smile,
And the world is beaming joyously,
The spirit to beguile.

Oh, no ! That precious promise
Is for the troubled heart,
Those words of touching tenderness
Can sweetest aid impart.

The eyes that ache with weeping
Will bless their wondrous love ;
And weary souls look smilingly
To Him who speaks above.

Come in the day of trouble,
I will not turn away ;
Call with a childlike confidence,
And I will be thy stay.

Heed not the angry billow,
It does but speed the hour
When peacefully thy soul shall rest,
Far from its stormy power.

The long dark hours of trouble
Bring forth celestial light;
As the morning springeth cheerfully
From the bosom of the night.



Out of the Depths.

OUT of the depths, a wailing cry,
'Tis one of fear and agony ;
The cry of those who droop and fade
Amidst the darkness sin has made.

O Christian, 'mid the glorious light,
The Gospel opens free and bright ;
Remember Him who stoop'd to save
The outcast from a sinner's grave.

And live not for thyself alone,
Thy Master calls thee from His throne ;
Let rescued souls thy answer be,
Won from the depths of misery.

O sisters, in your homes of rest,
Amidst the household circle blest,
Beloved and honoured, hear that cry—
'Tis woman's voice, oh, pass not by.

Be pitiful, thy mission here
Should be to warn, and help, and cheer ;
Strive nobly, and with gentle love,
Win wanderers for thy God above.

So will thy path to joy and rest
Be full of work and labour blest ;
And glorious will thy welcome be
With those whom God has given thee.

O Saviour, help us all to be
More faithful in our lives to Thee :
With humble trust and earnest prayer
Let sinners be our constant care.

Trust.

It is sweet to trust when the waves are high,
And the clouds o'ercast the stormy sky ;
When the tossing bark is a fragile thing
For the human heart in its fear to cling ;
In that hour of strife there is perfect rest
For the trembling soul on Jesus' breast.

It is sweet to trust when the weary heart
Is called with a cherished hope to part ;
When the future seems like a hidden way,
And a mist is spread o'er the summer day :
'Tis joy to feel that the trial hour,
For the trusting souls, finds blessed power.

It is sweet to trust in the cloudless time
Of the young heart's joy in its early prime ;

When weary care is a thing unknown,
And the sweet glad voice has a silvery tone :
In that time of joy and hour of health
The trust in God is a hidden wealth.

'Tis ever sweet, 'tis a grasp of power,
In the storms of life, in its sunny hour ;
'Tis a haven sweet where the soul can rest ;
'Tis a living balm to the dying breast ;
'Tis a conquering arm in the battle strife ;
'Tis the holy calm of the Christian's life.



“Yet I am not alone, for the Father
is with Me.”

OH, no ! not lonely, though thy path
May seem a desert waste ;
A Friend is near who did not shrink
Life's bitter cup to taste.

Not lonely, though in evening's hour
No hand may clasp thy own ;
And no sweet loving voice reply,
In fond affection's tone.

Not lonely, oh, that cannot be
With such a Friend on high,
Who with His own soft hand will stoop
The mourner's tears to dry.

He who Himself that mourner's path
Was called on earth to tread,
Wept like thyself, the human tears,
Above the precious dead.

He sat upon the mountain top,
Alone with all His woe,
Whilst even love forgot to keep
Its watchful care below.

He trod a weary path and rough,
With all a mortal's fear,
He felt the pangs of weariness,
With no kind voice to cheer.

And yet within His lofty heart,
Love triumphed to the last,
Though lonely through the vale of death,
The great Redeemer past.

Yet not alone, His path was clear,
 Though darkness seem'd to be
Around His Father's tenderness,
 In calm eternity.

Then let us trust, for not alone,
 This gentle Friend is near,
This Father who has power to bless,
 And quiet every fear.

Throughout the weary path of life,
 His loving voice will cheer ;
And in the lonely hour of death,
 Will hush each mortal fear.



Careful and Troubled.

CAREFUL and troubled, so I did not see
My Saviour near;
And looking down, lost, 'midst the dust of life,
His presence dear.

And He was waiting, even in my home,
Waiting for me ;
To give me blessings from His loving hand,
Both rich and free.

Whilst I, unheeding, looked upon the care,
The cumbering care ;
Thinking it strange that I was left alone,
So much to bear.

But growing weary, I looked up for Him,
And He was near ;
Waiting within my home and watching there,
My care and fear.

And then He seemed to say, "Oh, troubled soul,
Learn to be still ;
Serve not too much, but sit thee down and wait
Thy Master's will.

" In resting, I will bless thee, and bestow
Strength for thy day ;
Lose not My blessing, 'midst thy busy life,
My help and stay."

And so I rested at His blessed feet,
Beneath His care ;
And I forgot my burden, rising up,
I left it there.

To a Friend in Affliction.

REST thee, poor wearied soul, in quiet rest,
Thy God has sent the thorn to wound thy breast ;
He gave thee first a flower of fragrance sweet,
Then ordered thee to leave it at His feet.
He half prepared thy nest, and made it fair
With earthly good, then placed a sorrow there ;
He bade thee look upon a scene of light,
But ere it opened sent the shades of night.
'Tis strange to earthly love, we fain would hide
Our dear ones from the billows' swelling tide ;
But heavenly plans are laid in heavenly light,
And veiled in mystery from our tearful sight ;
Faith stands beneath the cloud with spirit mild,
And waits the reasons like a quiet child.
But cheer thee up, dear friend, a few short years,
And God Himself will wipe away thy tears ;

Ay, e'en the stains will vanish 'neath the peace,
Which through eternal ages ne'er will cease ;
Then will a gem be added to thy crown
By this dark shadow o'er thy pathway thrown;
If with a patient spirit, looking up,
Thou findest sweetness in life's bitter cup,
And 'midst the melody of heaven above,
Thy voice will sing a Father's wondrous love.

The Man of Sorrows.

HE walked the earth in lowly guise,
A royal Wanderer from the skies ;
He left His crown and throne above,
To enter on His work of love.

He brought no armed train to wait,
As well became His kingly state ;

No golden harp, or angels' care,
Surrounded God's beloved Heir.

A simple Child, a manger-bed,
No softer couch to rest His head ;
Exposed to human pains and tears,
He took our nature and its fears.

He tasted all that life could bring
Of mortal care and suffering,
And yet retained within His breast
The memory of His sinless rest.

And surely in the dreary night,
When wrestling with the tempter's might,
He must have longed to speed above,
And shelter in His Father's love.

But oh ! not so ! with patient heart
He calmly bore each barbèd dart,

And from the souls He came to save
Received His death-blow and His grave.

Yet loving on, His fleeting breath
Rose strong above the grasp of death ;
And with an earnest voice He cried,
“ Father, forgive them ! ”—thus He died.

My blessed Saviour, didst Thou bear
For me this weight of woe and care ?
The cruel cross, the thorny crown,
The blood-drops falling thickly down ?

Oh, wondrous love, and can it be
That this was borne, my soul, for thee ?
Awake, my heart, and never rest,
Beat true within a grateful breast.

Whilst life is thine, that debt of love
Can ne'er be paid. Oh, faithful prove ;

Give Him thyself, and strive to be
A labourer for eternity.

Take up thy cross, and deem it light,
Compared with His dark troubled night;
Tread cheerfully the desert wild,
A faithful and a loving child.

And when thy spirit's strife is o'er,
Thou wilt on yonder radiant shore
See His dear face, who died for thee,
And thank Him through eternity.



Death and Heaven.

It does not take us long to reach
That holy, blessed land ;
A few short moments, and the soul
Upon its shores may stand.

One minute 'mid the things of time,
Amongst our kindred clay,
The next may find us angel's wings,
To rise to endless day.

The morning sun may find us here,
Noon comes, and we are fled,
Through the dim portals of the tomb,
And numbered with the dead.

Our eyes may close in dewy sleep,
Earth hear our last good-night ;
We wake, and lo ! a radiant scene
Bursts on our dazzled sight.

The soul at once can find its rest,
And rise from Jordan's wave,
To see the Saviour face to face,
Victorious o'er the grave.

We are but travellers below ;
Death holds the wondrous key ;
One turn, and lo, the unseen world
Reveals its mystery.

Dear Saviour ! let Thy wedding robe
Be round my spirit cast ;
Give me a hold upon Thy cross
That will through changes last .

Then I can calmly trust my all,
Nor fear death's quick surprise ;
But joy to think that one short hour
May find me in the skies.

"Be not Weary in Well Doing."

Oh, be not weary, sin not thus,
Earth's training is full blest,
To those who meekly bow them down,
And on their Saviour rest ;
Their Father's hand will safely guide
The souls who on His love confide.

Then be not weary, present clouds
May dim the early ray ;
But brighter will the noontide be,
And fairer shine the day.

If not, a morning waits for thee,
Whose day is long Eternity.

Oh, be not weary, cease to wish
For wings, like yonder bird ;
'Tis well for Thee that prayer has been
Unanswered, *not* unheard.
Be patient, cheerful, wait His will,
He wants thee in His vineyard still.

Oh, be not weary, life is full
Of beauty and of light,
The dewy flower, the singing bird,
The calm and starry night ;
Affection's treasures all are thine,
And can a child of heaven repine ?

So be not weary, let each day
Thy cheerful song arise ;

Let duty find thee at thy post,
Clad in a pilgrim's guise ;
Then joyful will thy welcome be
In shadowless Eternity.

Then cease to have a weary thought,—
Keep yonder world in sight,
And 'midst the darkness of the earth,
Muse on its bowers of light ;
And strive to win a welcome there,
Where the heart knows no secret care.



Death.

THE spirit pass'd, and silence reigned around,
Save where a sob was heard with stifled sound ;
A feeble taper struggled 'midst the gloom,
And death and darkness reigned within the room.
But light and glory met that spirit's gaze,
As soaring upward with a strange amaze,
Winged like the wind, and robed in radiant light,
He flew for ever from the scenes of night.
The weeping cry of loved ones met his ear,
But vanished soon : for music from yon sphere
E'en then was round him ; with so sweet a strain
He could not listen to the sounds of earth again.
Angels were with him, angels fair and high,
Guardians of spirits passing to the sky,
Guiding his upward flight, the gates appear,
The strain is floating, " Welcome, ransom'd, here."

They close, for ever safe, for ever free
From sin, and pain, and human misery
The freed one stands, o'ercome with boundless joy,
And feels no sorrow can that bliss destroy.
Then for a moment veils his dazzled sight,
Not yet accustomed to a world of light ;
Another look, and at His feet he lies
Who died to lead him to those glorious skies.
Speechless he lies, till angels raise the song,
Then with a golden harp he joins the throng ;
Clear is his voice, no lingering tone of pain
Will ever mingle with his praise again ;
No shade of sin will dim his angel brow ;
The fight is o'er, the wearied rests him now ;
Whilst round him gather those he lost below,
Bidding him welcome from a world of woe.
And as he finds each link of love again,
He loses every thought of time and pain ;
At home in heaven, for ever safe and free,
He gives alone to God the victory.

The Song of the Falling Leaves.

FADING ! fading ! fading !

Such was the song they sung
As they left their home on the breeze to roam,
Its mournful cadence rung.

We have seen the sunbeams flash,
And the pale moonbeams quiver,
Till night did seem like a fairy dream
Thrown over field and river.

Fading ! fading ! fading !

But a merry life has been ours ;
We have danced away on the morning's ray,
And bent to the blushing flowers.

We have heard the wild bird's note,
Till its melody seemed to dwell
Like an echo of song 'mid our leafy throng,
As it softly rose and fell.

Fading ! fading ! fading !
Yet ere we pass away,
We will tell of love as we hung above,
And watched on the summer spray.

For as mortals paused beneath us,
We have heard the whispered word,
With its might of power, in the evening hour,
Till our leafy forms were stirred.

But fading ! fading ! fading !
On the green sod we lie ;
We cannot hold by affection's fold,
But flourish to fade and die.

But love ! love ! love !
Lodged in the human breast,
Has a conquering might, and a royal right,
Yet a gift of troubled rest.

Fading ! fading ! fading !
Why should we longer stay ?
The flowers are dead, and the song-birds fled,
And cold is the stormy day.

Then joy ! joy ! joy !
For we would fade and die ;
Our kindred things, with their hidden springs,
Are gone, and we too must fly.

So dying ! dying ! dying !
The leafy murmur fell ;
And a rustling sound on the frozen ground
Was the last of the leaf's farewell.

“Is it well with the Child?”

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND'S INFANT CHILD.

Is it well with the child? My beloved, it is well;
Your baby is happy above,
He is gone with the pure and the perfect to dwell,
And with Jesus the Fountain of love.
He spoke not the language of earth, but on high
He has learnt in a moment the song of the sky.

Is it well with the child? He has hastened away
From a region of changes and gloom,
Where brightness must vanish, and beauty decay,
To a land that contains not a tomb.
Unfolding the wings that were hidden from view,
He is gone to his home, 'mid the loved and the true.

Oh, yes, it is well ! for no sorrow can blight
The blossom so lovely and fair ;
No sin will o'ershadow that spirit of light,
Or life with its trouble and care.
He felt not the swellings of Jordan around,
From your arms in a moment his Saviour's he
found.

Oh, yes, it is well ! and the hour will come
When your baby will meet you again,
And perhaps be the foremost to welcome you home,
And to teach you his own gentle strain.
In the moment of death, that last glance of his eyes
May return in its beauty your soul to surprise.



“He of good courage, and He shall
strengthen thy heart.”

COURAGE ! courage ! heart of mine,
After showers, sunbeams shine ;
After darkness cometh light,
After storms the rainbow bright.
Heed not every cloud on high,
Onward press, they soon will fly.

Cheerful faith has mighty power
To illumine life's darkest hour ;
Simple trust, and earnest prayer,
Maketh all things true and fair.
Happy be, for God above,
Gives to thee a gift of love.

Courage ! courage ! heart of mine,
Droop not in the winter time.

Underneath the drifting snow
Buds are formed for summer's brow ;
Sure 'tis needful thus to bear
Chilly blasts and frosty air.

Thou art training for the skies,
Therefore 'midst thy tears arise ;
Discipline must prove thee well,
Sorrow work her secret spell ;
Tremble not, for heaven will be
Calm and bright through tears to thee.

Courage ! courage ! heart of mine,
Flowers amidst the thorns entwine.
Leave thy fears, and strive to make
Others blessed for thy sake.
Life has many a mission fair,
Up, forget thy secret care.

Bravely seek the good and right,
Dwell 'mid truth's celestial light ;

By thine own example blest,
Lead poor sinners into rest.
By thine own sweet gift of love
Win them for thy God above.

Courage ! courage ! heart of mine,
See thy mission is divine.
Sorrow's winter brings the spring
That can know no withering.
Shrink not from heaven's training blest,
Heart thou must be formed for rest.

*Oh, come from the Haunts of the
World.*

Oh, come from the haunts of the world,
To the beautiful breath of the air,
Sweet spring is just wreathing her brow
With the stars of the primroses fair.

And beneath the green leaves you will find
The violet just shrinking from view,
Yet scenting the gale with its sweets,
Like the love which is faithful and true.

The butterfly glances its wing
In the sunbeam that's wandering by,
And the bee is just kissing the lips
Of all the bright buds 'neath the sky.

Oh, come from the haunts of the world,
To the beautiful breath of the air,
But bring not a shadow of gloom,
Or a glimpse of the spirit of care.

Alas, 'tis in vain that I call,
For no heart can that summons obey ;
The woodlands and meadows may smile,
And the songsters be happy and gay.

And man may rejoice in the spring,
But the shadow of earth is around ;
The music of nature may please,
But a murmur is mixed with the sound.

Yet come from the haunts of the world,
To the beautiful breath of the air,
And think of the dwellings above,
Which are free from the spirit of care.

There spring will be fadeless and bright,
And no thorn will the blossom disclose ;
No symptom of parting or change
Will be traced in the bloom of the rose.

Then come, and together we'll rove,
And talk of that beautiful land,
And long for the moment when we
Shall unite with the glorified band.

Living Water.

I THIRST ! I thirst ! but not for earth's dark waters,
They are too cold and troubled to give joy ;
In years gone by I used to love their brightness,
But time and sorrow does their light destroy.

They have a weary restlessness of motion,
A rushing onward to the ocean's breast ;
My soul is longing for some quiet waters,
Some still, calm stream, whose melody is rest.

I thirst ! I thirst ! the immortal spirit yearning,
Cries out beseechingly for help above ;
Father, I thirst ! and earth can never give me
Such fulness as the fountain of Thy love.

Give me that living water, bright and gushing,
That makes the soul a well-spring of delight ;
And in that stream my spirit's thirst will vanish,
And life itself become more purely bright.

Nought else can satisfy my weary longing ;
Give me ! oh, give me ! for my Saviour died,
That none might call in vain for living waters,
Beside His cross, and find the gift denied.

“ Cast thy Burden on the Lord.”

LORD, 'tis enough ; no more I'll strive,
But cast on Thee my care ;
Thy word can never, never fail,
Then hear my fervent prayer,
And let me cast my burden down,
And bear the cross, to win the crown.

Deep hidden in my anxious breast
Lie many a hope and fear ;
No longer will I cherish them,
But dry the faithless tear,
And lay each burden humbly down,
Bearing the cross, to win the crown.

Thou knowest the secret trouble, Lord,
My rebel heart would hold ;
Some treasured grief, some faded hope,
Yet, yet I would enfold.
But help me, I must cast it down ;
Welcome the cross, to win the crown.

And keep my burden, for I fain
Would take it from Thy grasp.
I cannot trust my feeble faith ;
Undo my trembling clasp ;
And help me, Lord, to lay it down,
Bearing the cross, to win the crown.

Working and Waiting.

NAY! long not to enter heaven,
To find thy mansion there,
To walk in the golden city,
'Mid all things good and fair ;
But wait awhile, and strive to know
The bliss of serving God below.

Put on thine armour bright,
And to the conflict go ;
Let all the powers of darkness feel
They have in thee a foe.
So fight awhile, with sword and spear ;
The Lord will help thee, do not fear.

Take up thy shield of faith ;
Soldier of Christ, arise ;

Long not too much for peace and rest,
Found only in the skies.
Peace may be found amid the cry
Of battle-fields and victory.

And rest, such glorious rest,
With rescued souls around,
To bless Thee for Thy conflict bold,
In sin and Satan's ground.
Ah! long not for thy rest above,
Till thou hast done such deeds of love.

And there are little ones to help,
Sweet children-voices call,
Into the gloomy darkness go,
And save them ere they fall ;
Speak gentle words of loving cheer,
And angels will stoop down to hear.

Then when thy Master calls,
How glorious will it be ;

To cast the dinted armour down,
From sword and buckler free—
To know the work below is done,
And heavenly life and rest begun.

Thus will thine entrance be,
Abundant, glad, and bright,
Not lonely will thy spirit stand,
Before the throne of light ;
But radiant souls will gather round,
And stars within thy crown be found.

And when with trembling faith,
At the dear Saviour's feet,
That crown is cast, all, all His own,
His welcome, clear and sweet,
Will answer, " Faithful servant, thou,
Worthy to wear it on thy brow."

So longing, weary soul,
Wait for thy heaven awhile ;

Let not the thought of glory there,
Thy life-work here beguile ;
But sow the seed, and fight the foe,
And do the work of heaven below.

To my sainted Father.

I WENT with thee, my father,
Into the border-land ;
I heard the flow of chilling waves,
And saw the misty strand ;
The world seemed fading from my sight,
And nature mourned, 'mid shades of night.

But faith beheld a vision,
A land beyond death's tide ;
Its shining walls of brightness
Gleamed on the other side.

And angel forms were waiting there,
To take thee to their guardian care.

I cannot tell their radiance,
My eyes were dimm'd with tears ;
I only felt thee leaving me
Amidst death's shivering fears.
"The power was come" for thee to go
Beyond the cold, dark river's flow.

I stood upon the very brink,
My soul, with quivering wing,
Seemed bursting all its mortal bonds,
That I with thee might spring.
Earth seemed too dreary to come back,
And leave thee on thy shining track.

But I was left, thy feet had trod
Heaven's own immortal shore ;
Gone with thy spirit's loveliness,
Where sin could shade no more.

My own dear father, could it be,
That thou hast left our home and me.

I doubted not thy happiness,
For on thy Saviour's breast,
Thine aching head had pillowed,
Thy weary heart found rest.
Sickness and pain had fled away,
And heaven revealed undying day.

So we came not back together
From that strange border-land ;
Thy soul was clad in brightness,
A palm was in thy hand.
Thy fight was o'er, thy victory won,
A ransom'd soul, a crownèd one.

And I returned alone,
Back to this world again ;
To strive with sin and sorrow,
With tears and weary pain ;

To yearn for one sweet word from thee,
And treasure up thy memory.

May Jesus give me strength
To run my earthly race ;
That once again thy child may see
Thy well remembered face :
No border-land to part us more,
But both upon the same calm shore.

To the Old Year.

WRITTEN ON ITS LAST DAY.

Old year, I cannot let thee go,
With all thy past of joy and woe,
Without a last farewell ;
Thou hast an old familiar face,
But thou art hastening on thy race,
The mighty past to swell.

Thou hast been crowned with mercies bright,
The happy morn, the quiet night,
The fair and smiling day ;
My God has filled thee with His love,
His tender blessings from above
Have marked thy passing way.

But still, old year, some wintry time
Has crossed thy path as well as mine ;
With both it has been well.
The dark hours have a gift of might,
Spring gathers from them fairer light,
And a more magic spell.

And life must have its rainy day,
To chase the mists of earth away,
And clear the heavenward view.
So rain and sunshine all combine
To make a wreath of mercies shine,
With bright and glorious hue.

But, dying year, I mourn to think,
Whilst standing on thy very brink,
 How little I have done,
To prove my gratitude and love
To Him who watches from above,
 As thy last moments run.

My Saviour ! it is well for me,
That I can turn and look on Thee,
 As years depart away.
Oh, let me closer, nearer hide,
To Thy dear cross, Thy wounded side,
 My shelter and my stay.

I know not what new time may bring,
What mercies, or what sorrows spring
 Within the stranger year.
But earnestly I seek Thine aid,
Be with me 'midst the sun and shade,
 My Saviour ! ever near.

Give me a heart to do Thy will,
To work, to suffer, or be still,
As Thou wouldst have me be.
And when for me time's scenes are o'er,
And years and months return no more,
Let me be near to Thee.

Awake! Awake!

AWAKE! Awake!

Ye who have tasted of the precious cup,
The living draught, give to the perishing,
Enter not heaven alone, but let thy way
Up to the golden city be thrice blessed,
By taking others with thee. Stoop and tell
The wondering child of Him who loved
The little ones, till planted in his breast,
The living seed take root for ever.

Go to the dying ones, and bid them look and live ;
Let not thy brother perish.

So will thy entrance
To the bright world above be glorious ;
As humbly kneeling at thy Saviour's feet,
He calls thee faithful, whilst the golden harps
Of angels bid thee welcome, and a dearer strain
Will mingle with their melody : souls, rescued souls,
Will bless thee with a thrilling earnestness,
Whilst angels listen.

Have ye no wish
For such a welcome, when death bears thee hence?
It may be thine ! Strive for His sake
Who opened heaven to thee.



Oh, how glorious that Awakening!

OH, how glorious that awaking !

When the new-born soul shall rise
Victor from the dying struggle,
Soaring upwards to the skies ;
Leaving death and sin behind,
Flying like the viewless wind.

Lo ! from yonder couch of sorrow
Has the new-born stranger flown,
Darkened room and love's lamenting
Mingle with the dying groan ;
Mixed with all the human fear
Felt when Jordan's flood is near.

See how glorious morn is breaking,
Night, and all its dreams are o'er :

Mortal pang and dying anguish
Can afflict the soul no more;
Tears are banished from the eye,
Onward ! Upward ! Spirit, fly.

Angels' hands around are stretching,
Angel wings around thee spread;
Lost and loving ones are waiting
Thee to welcome from the dead;
Jesus, who Himself has died,
Calls thee to His guardian side.

There, amidst the strange commotions,
Safely can thy spirit rest;
Refuge 'midst a scene of wonders,
Clinging to His loving breast;
Looking upwards to His face,
Trusting in His finished grace.

Oh, how glorious that awaking!
By the stream of life to stand,

And to gaze, with tearless vision,
On the bright immortal land;
Watching, with a new-born joy,
Scenes which death can ne'er destroy.

Blessed waking ! weary spirits,
'Midst the clouds and storms of time,
Muse upon that blissful moment,
Think upon that glorious clime ;
Live not for this world alone,
Heaven can find for thee a throne.

Our Little Ones.

THINK on the little ones, O Lord,
The children of our fold ;
We bring them to Thy loving arms,
As they did the babes of old.

We cannot see Thy blessed face,
Or hear Thy voice of love;
But we know that Thou art with us,
Though a crownèd king above.

By faith we bring our treasures,
These young immortals bright;
These souls that are so beautiful,
So precious in Thy sight.

Receive them from our trembling care,
And take them to Thy breast,
And let them be Thy chosen ones,
To do Thy bidding blest.

We leave all earthly good to Thee,
For well we know Thy care;
Let them be rich in heavenly wealth,
And bright in virtue fair.

We know the world is flattering,
Young spirits to beguile;
Temptations will around them press,
And pleasure's fleeting smile.

How can we rest, unless we know
They are safe beneath Thy care?
Shelter within Thy peaceful fold
Our precious blossoms fair.

And make them blessings on the earth,
Young spirits full of light,
Servants of Thine, with faithful zeal,
Strong for the good and right.

Followers of those who having won,
By faith and patience here,
Are waiting in that upper world,
To welcome wanderers dear.

There may we all in safety meet,
A gathered fold above;
Each little one—a gem of light,
None missing whom we love,

Faith.

You ask me what is Faith? Behold, and see
The little child, in tender infancy,
His upward look to his dear mother's face,
His perfect trust amidst his simple grace ;
His clasping fold of that true guiding hand,
His feeble footsteps following her command.
Close by her side he knows no childish fear,
And smiles, if she can wipe away the tear.
Drinks up the bitter draught, if her dear eye
Beseeches lovingly, yet knows not why ;
Enough for him that she declares it best,
And he forgets the sorrow on her breast.

He has a perfect trust, no doubt or fear
Disturbs his joys, if her loved form is near.
And such is Faith—the little child may be
An emblem of its simple purity.
Helpless and weak, the spirit can behold
A Father's hand, each trembling step to hold ;
And in the perfect rest that casteth care
Upon a God who hears the faintest prayer,
Can leave all blessings to His tender love,
And bear the cross, if 'tis ordained above.
Each sorrow binding closer to the side
Of the dear Father, who his footsteps guide ;
And every joy increasing the firm trust
That binds the God to creatures made of dust.
Thus faith can bless, until her glorious form
Triumphant melts into undying morn ;
Appears again with golden harp and crown,
And lays them at her Saviour's footstool down.
More bolder grown beneath His loving eyes,
She spreads her pinions through the eternal skies ;

And turned to sight, she traces all the way,
She trod through darkness to unfading day;
And with a song of praise extols the love
That led her safely to her home above.

"Watch thou in all Things."

BE patient—life is very brief,
It passes quickly by;
And if it proves a troubled scene,
Beneath a stormy sky,
It is but like the shaded night,
That brings a morn of radiance bright.

Be hopeful—cheerful faith will bring
A living joy to thee,
And make thy life a hymn of praise,
From doubts and murmurs free ;

Whilst like the sunbeam, thou wilt bless,
And bring to others happiness.

Be earnest—an immortal soul
Should be a warrior true ;
Employ thy talents for thy God,
And ever keep in view
The judgment scene, the last great day,
When heaven and earth will pass away.

Be holy—let not sin's dark stain
Thy spirit's whiteness dim ;
Keep close to Jesus, 'mid the world,
And trust alone in Him ;
So, 'midst thy working and thy rest,
Thou wilt be comforted and blest.

Be prayerful—ask, and thou wilt have
Strength equal to thy day ;
Prayer clasps the hand that guides the world,
Oh, make it then thy stay !

Ask largely, and thy God will be
A kingly giver unto thee.

Be ready—many fall around ;
Our loved ones disappear ;
We know not when our call may come,
Nor should we wait in fear ;
If ready, we can calmly rest ;
Living or dying, we are blest.

Little Things.

“He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also
in much.”

I ASKED the Lord to let me do
Some mighty work for Him ;
To fight amidst His battle hosts,
Then sing the victor's hymn.
I longed my ardent love to show,
But Jesus would not have it so.

He placed me in a quiet home,
Where life was calm and still ;
And gave me little things to do,
My daily round to fill.
I could not think it good to be
Just put aside so silently.

Small duties gathered round my way,
They seemed of earth alone ;
I, who had longed for conquests bright,
To lay before His throne,
Had common things to do and bear,
To watch and strive with daily care.

So then I thought my prayer unheard,
And asked the Lord once more,
That He would give me work for Him,
And open wide the door ;
Forgetting that my Master knew
Just what was best for me to do.

Then quietly the answer came,
 " My child, I hear thy cry ;
Think not that mighty deeds alone,
 Will bring thee victory ;
Thy life-work has been planned by Me,
Let daily life thy conquests see."

Heaven's Waking.

SHALL I wake in the morning with Jesus ?
 And, 'midst the surprises above,
Shall I hear His sweet accents of welcome,
 And gaze on the Lord whom I love ?

Like a child who is weary with dreaming,
 And wakes with a sob and a sigh,
Beholding the face of his mother,
 Knows safety and blessings are nigh ;

So after the night dreams of dying,
All wearied and worn with the strife,
Methinks that awaking in heaven,
To glory, and rapture, and life,

Would o'erwhelm me at once with its brightness,
So strange would its splendour appear,
Just escaped from the shadows and darkness,
Just rescued from sorrow and fear.

But if Jesus the Saviour is waiting—
The Human, and yet the Divine—
With the eyes that have wept for our sorrows,
And the brow which the thorns did entwine ;

All fears would for ever be banished,
And, forgetting the splendours around,
One look at my Lord and my Saviour,
And heaven with my songs would resound.

Shall I wake in that morning with Jesus ?
This hope, 'mid the visions of night,
Will strengthen my soul with its raptures,
Till shadows are swallowed in light.

*The Churchyard at Bonchurch, Isle of
Wight.*

I do remember well a quiet spot,
And oft amid the busy rush of life,
When fretted with the cares which hold the soul
Too much a captive from her native skies,
My memory turns to that far distant nook ;
And gentle thoughts arise, which calm the storm,
And lull to sleep the troubles of the heart.
Thus I remember thee, sweet spot of earth,
Fixed like an emerald in the sunny isle ;
I see thee now, in all thy loveliness,—
Behind thee, proudly rising to the skies,

Swell the green hills, as if to guard with care
Thy quiet beauty from the stormy blast.
Before thee, sleeping like a hushèd child,
Murmurs the ocean, as if dreams of joy
Alone disturbed its stillness of repose.
There thou art nestling 'mid the drooping trees,
With flowers around thee, glorious buds that tell
Of a far home, where change and death are not.
Hush ! did I speak of death ? Can he be found
In ambush here, that dark and frowning form,
So full of terrors and of dim decay ?
Yes ; he is here, 'tis his own dwelling-place,
His trophies are around us, garner'd up,
Till earth and sea restore the sleeping dust.
Here are young forms, that came from other shores
To breathe the softer air : they came with hope,
But here they rest, those treasured ones,
The light and joy of many a sunny home.
Why stay they here ? when eyes for them are full
With tears of desolation ; when the vacant place

Speaks mournfully to all, and the sweet hymn
Breathes sad and low, because their voice is hush'd.
Why stay they here? the beautiful, the lov'd?
Nay, speak not so! they are far hence,
They are not here; 'tis but their mortal part
That sleeps below,—and sure 'tis beautiful
To robe stern death in living loveliness,
Casting around his form the blushing flower,
That breathes of hope and ever blooming spring.
Raising around his region lofty hills,
Pointing the mourner to the quiet skies,
Lifting the sinking spirit to its God.
And full of beauty, too, that ocean calm;
May we not trace upon its tranquil breast,
The sweet repose of those who, having cross'd
Life's stormy sea, are safe, for ever safe
Within the haven of eternity.

Thus I remember thee,
Soft spot of beauty, in the distant isle.
Smile on, as if earth had no dead,

Thou holdest but the dust, and even that
Is lent thee : guard well thy precious trust.
'Tis best that it should sleep in beauty, if the soul
Has gone to heaven, for when thou dost restore
The casket to the gem, 'twill dwell in scenes
Surpassing far thy earthly loveliness.

The Evening Hour.

OH, talk to me in the evening hour,
With a soft and gentle tone ;
Low words of loving tenderness,
Heard by mine ear alone ;
And let the silver moon above,
Shine purely, like a thought of love.

Then talk of all the battle strife,
Which true hearts have to bear ;

And how the victory may be won
By faith and fervent prayer;
And how this life a path may be
To glorious immortality.

And talk of blessed days gone by,
When life and love were young,
And breathe again those merry lays
Which once we gaily sung ;
And let us linger 'mid the past,
Those fairy scenes too bright to last.

Thus talk beneath the silver moon,
In a soft and quiet tone,
And bring back sweet and cherished thoughts,
Known to our hearts alone ;
Whilst the fair stars look calmly down,
Like diamonds in eve's shadowy crown.

And whisper holy words and true,
That, mingling with the past,

Memory and hope may intertwine
In a true union fast ;
And breathe sweet thoughts upon my ear,
Like echoes from another sphere.

For in that quiet hour, our thoughts
Can rise and soar above,
To a sweet home, where memory's sigh
Will dim no angel's love ;
And where no evening hour will tell
Of night, past visions, or farewell.

The Land Above.

FADING world, and passing sunbeam !
We no longer mourn your flight ;
We have found a better country,
We have caught a blissful sight

Of a sweeter home above,
Where no fear can shadow love.

Here we gather blossoms round us,
And rejoice 'mid visions fair ;
Here we wake to find them blighted,
Faded 'neath the breath of care ;
Here we love, yet cannot rest
Safely on the loved one's breast.

Troubled fountains, broken music,
Young hearts fading in their prime ;
Summer skies, with storm-clouds round them,
All bespeak a changing clime.
We can make no home below,
Where such chilling tempests blow.

Here we are so often troubled,
Weary hearts and tearful eyes,
That a shadow seems to rest on
All beneath the lower skies.

There is that within each breast
Which can find on earth no rest.

'Tis the immortal soul within us,
With its strong undying power,
Dwelling in a clay-built cottage,
'Midst the blossoms of an hour ;
Yearning for a perfect rest,
Longing for a home more blest.

Then farewell, ye fading sunbeams,
Earth with all her joys decay ;
We are born for endless ages,
Not for time's short, clouded day.
Mortal life will disappear,
Immortality shine clear.



To my Mother.

I COME to thee, my mother, as I used to come of
yore,

When I danced with fairy footsteps on childhood's
happy shore ;

The bright young smile is faded, and the spirits,
light as air,

Are burdened with the war of life, the breath of
human care.

But the deep, true love within me, with its many
hopes and fears,

Is still as true and beautiful as in those early
years ;

Like the ivy round the tree, it clingeth firm and
fast,

And seemeth but more lovely for the storms that
o'er it past.

I come to thee, my mother, my own beloved friend,
My gentle guide and comforter, as through the
world I wend ;

And I thank thee for thy watchful care, thine ever-
guiding love,

And most of all, that thou hast led my heart to rest
above.

And I bless thee for thy patience, with my spirit
rude and wild,

For the love that ever sheltered and soothed thy
weary child,

From the hour of smiling infancy, till the blossom
on the tree

Has felt the early blight of life,—mother, I come to
thee.

So I come to thee, my mother, with a blessing and
a prayer,

That the God who watcheth over us, may keep thee
'neath His care :

That His mercies may encircle thee, and should a
cross be thine,
It may but hide a blessing that will more sweetly
shine.

And may thy loved ones circle thee for many a
future year,
To soothe thee with their tenderness, and shield thy
heart from fear ;
And, mother, may that heart rejoice, to find that I
can be
True to thy early teaching, and thy earnest love for
me.



How glorious is the Springtide.

How glorious is the springtide,
The leaflet on the spray,
The promise of the beautiful
That blossoms forth in May.

The winter time was gloomy,
The hours were dark and cold,
Our hearts grew faint and weary,
For the summer days of old.

And we sat us down in sadness,
And forgot to lift our eyes,
Till the sunbeams whispered brightness,
And filled us with surprise.

And we heard the songbirds singing,
 "The winter time is fled;"
And nature answered cheerily,
 "Life cometh from the dead."

But faith looked up in sadness,
 To think the birds and flowers
Could wait so quietly the time
 That brought the summer hours.

So thus amidst the springtide,
 And beneath the leafy tree,
We learnt again the lesson
 Of simple trust in Thee :

In Thee, the kingly giver
 Of the beautiful and bright,
Of the winter, 'midst its darkness,
 And the summer in its light.

And we saw the cold was needed,
And the darkness worked its spell,
And wondered at the wisdom
Which doeth *all* things *well*.

“They went and told Jesus.”

THEY went and told the Saviour,
Ah, words so sweet to hear ;
What comfort to the weary heart
To know that He is near.
They saw Him, heard His gentle voice ;
We see not, but our hearts rejoice.

For we have felt Him near us
In many a battle-field ;
And He has walked beside us,
Our Refuge and our Shield.

We must have fainted in the fight,
But telling Him, He gave us might.

And in those hours of sadness,
When heart and flesh were weak,
And sin and Satan tempted,
We had not far to seek :
We went to Jesus, told our grief,
And telling, found a quick relief.

And when the storms of life
Swept o'er our summer sky,
And flowers all faded from our path,
Whilst love stood weeping by ;
We called the Master, and He gave
Faith that could see beyond the grave.

And, ah, we know full well
Our conflicts are not o'er,

But we are not afraid to go,
If Jesus walks before ;
For He has said, that if we cry,
He will give strength and victory.

And when with shrinking hearts
We stand by Jordan's wave,
And the beloved of earth
May weep, but cannot save—
Then in that hour of mortal fear,
We know our Saviour will be near.

So, though we cannot see
The Master that we love,
Rejoicingly we travel on
To our bright home above :
For, well we know His listening ear
And helping hand are ever near.

A Song for the New Year.

"Commune with your own heart."—PSALM iv. 4.

SEE ! the old year departs, and now I stand,
With trembling feet upon the border-land ;
The past behind, with all its joy and woe,
And the new future opening as I go.
The past—what records are inscribed above ?
What acts of mercy, and what deeds of love ?
Has Jesus hailed my progress to the sky ?
Have angels watched me with approving eye ?
How have I followed in His steps, who gave
His precious life my sinful soul to save ?
How have I met temptation ? has it been
In humble trust upon an arm unseen ?
Has sorrow's mission opened scenes of light,
And wintry hours revealed a vision bright

Of a new home, where years will cease to be,
A home unshadowed through eternity?
Nay, I must pause ;—my Saviour, hear my cry !
Be Thou my helper, or that record high
Will find me faithless. Do Thou plead above,
And gain my pardon by Thy perfect love ;
And this new year, oh ! let me by Thy side
Meet all its changes, and be Thou my guide.
I leave it all to Thee—the sunny day
Or the rough winter—only be my stay ;
And help me through its passing hours to be
A faithful servant in the world for Thee.
And should cold death my unseen path invade,
Let me but feel *Thee* in the deepening shade ;
And with Thine arms around, I shall not fear,
To pass for ever from earth's changing year.

the 'information' and 'communication' fields. The 'information' field is defined as:

...the study of the processes of information production, distribution, access, use and evaluation, and the study of the social, cultural, economic and political contexts in which these processes take place. (p. 10)

The 'communication' field is defined as:

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The 'information science' field is defined as:

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